

OUR DUMB

Animals





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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Medicine and Humanity

RECENTLY we were privileged to read a pamphlet containing a reprint, from *The Diplomate* of April, 1951, of a lecture presented to the students in physiology at the University of Michigan. The author is Robert Gesell, M. D., professor of physiology, at the University's Medical School.

We were much impressed with Dr. Gesell's unusually thoughtful lecture and we believe, our readers would like to see excerpts from it, in order to appreciate what at least one outstanding doctor has to say about "Some Biological Aspects of Medicine."

Dr. Gesell, in lecturing to his students, points out that the acquirement of a powerful intellect superimposed upon vigorous, primitive emotions constitutes a fearful threat to the future well-being of man. "If this be true," says Dr. Gesell, "humanity remains the only tangible hope of man."

In defining the meaning of humanity, Dr. Gesell states:

"Webster defines humanity in several ways. His first definition reads as follows: 'Quality or condition of being *human*; the peculiar nature of man by which he is distinguished from other beings.' His second definition gives a different emphasis, namely: 'Quality of being *humane*; the kind feelings, dispositions and sympathies of man; especially a disposition to relieve distress and to treat all creatures with kindness.'

"To qualify for the first definition requires that you be born of human antecedents, a difficulty not too great, with our present population of two and a quarter billions.

"Qualification for the second definition is decidedly more difficult. In fact, there is nothing more difficult, as will be apparent, than being *humane*, for it demands not only a disposition to relieve distress and to treat all creatures with kindness, but the keenest discrimination between cruelty and kindness. Moreover, the capacity of man to be kind to all creatures is limited in a most realistic way. Man, in common with other animals, depends for his existence upon other life; but his feelings of superiority and transcendence, combined with his extraordinary intellectual and technological powers of satisfying his whims, have made him the most inconsiderate and the greatest biological menace of all times and has earned for him the reputation of 'A Large-scale Geological Force.' He wantonly wastes and destroys the rich inheritance upon which he depends for his very existence and, like a great parasite, takes more than he returns from mother earth. He lives by deficit spending without regard for the future, and saddles posterity with a debt of poverty and misery the like of which the cruel forces of evolution have yet to witness. Despite, or more probably, because of his intellectual endowment, man is unsurpassed in genius for creating misery and suffering. He must mend his ways, and to that end he must first of all know how inconsiderate, how selfish, and how cruel he is."

Like Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Gesell obviously believes in the all-important philosophy of "Reverence for Life," as evidenced by his summation to the students:

"Let me summarize with two major thoughts which I have tried to bring to your attention. First, greater humanity is essential to survival; second, the roads to humanity are kindly feelings towards all living creatures, intelligent discrimination between cruelty and kindness in the practice of humanity, and character necessary for the fulfilment of the practice of humanity. Whether the cruel forces of evolution have endowed man with intelligence and character essential to survival is yet to be learned."

E. H. H.

A Brush with Art

By Bertha P. Boone

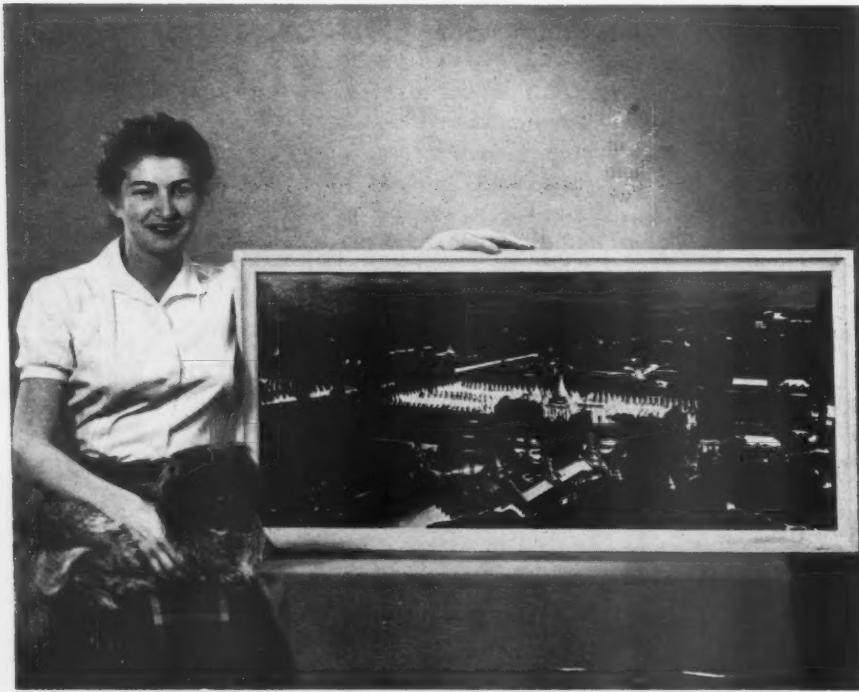
MICKEY," a pedigreed, ten-year-old, red, Pekingese, owned by Miss Anne Gestrich, of St. Louis, Missouri, has a perfect right to feel "arty" these days. She not only demonstrated to her mistress in a unique way, that a dog really can be a "friend in need," as well as a "friend indeed," but, also, convinced judges that the painting she helped Miss Gestrich to complete, was "doggy" enough to place third from among the 1,430 entries submitted in The Art News national amateur contest recently.

Miss Gestrich, a pharmacist at St. John's hospital, experiments in different mediums of art as a hobby, and has the coveted distinction of gaining recognition in each one she has followed, with her very first try. Her watercolor "Shades of Autumn," won honorable mention in the 1947 annual Missouri Exhibition at the St. Louis Art Museum. Her only plaster carving, "Prayer," which she painted with ordinary ivory enamel, was chosen for the same exhibition in 1948 over the works of college art teachers; but it required Mickey's help to win with her first try in oils. It happened this way:

Unable to find suitable paint brushes on the market that were small and soft enough to paint some of the intricate lines she needed in the picture, Miss Gestrich snipped short ends of several pieces of fur from the back of Mickey's left front leg. Removing the heads from match sticks, she tied these bits of fur securely to them with white thread, and then cemented them to the sticks with several coats of clear nail polish. She states these made "dandy soft brushes two and three-quarters inches long, with a fur-tip of half an inch, permitting me to paint smooth lines with no streaks."

Her prize-winning picture titled, "Vision of Mandalay," is painted on a forty by seventeen and a half inch canvas. It is a beautiful moonlight, oriental scene, picturing many golden pagodas centered by a much larger one. A mystic valley stretches far into the distance.

Mickey was a birthday present to Miss Gestrich from her parents nine years ago. Her pet has never had a family. Her mistress says, "I try to make up for that with extreme kindness toward her and I am sure that she reciprocates this feeling."



Anne Gestrich and "Mickey" pose beside the prize-winning painting.

Our Cover

WE take pleasure, this month, in reproducing on our cover a photograph loaned to us by our Field Representative, Dr. William F. H. Wentzel, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Dr. Wentzel has been Secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society for many years and is well known throughout the humane world.

The picture shows Dr. Wentzel's grand-daughter, Susan, greeting a life-saving dog at the time he was awarded the Humane Honor Medal.

Can Dogs Count?

By Grace Woodworth

THE possibility of a dog counting and reasoning has been argued among our friends for more than a year.

We have two English Setters: "Lucky," the father, and "Freckles," the daughter. Ever since we brought Freckles home a year ago Lucky thinks he should care for her and teach her all he knows, especially the many extra clever things he had learned. She will mimic him in every way except where food is concerned, she eats all of hers and his, too, if she can get it, and she generally can for he will back away and lie down watching her eat his dinner.

Both dogs like cookies. The counting started with cookies and happens every time they are handed out. Lucky will take the first one, lay it on the floor, back away and watch her eat it. The second and the third and the fourth are given the same treatment. The fifth cookie Lucky eats and after that they take turn about. When Lucky eats the fifth cookie he always has a twinkle in his eye, he seems to know he has done something very clever, wags his tail in "thanks" and will eat as many cookies as come his way.

The dogs have been taught many things but this trick was never taught them — Lucky started it the second day we had the pup and after 14 months is still doing it. He never seems to care who is watching, nor how many people see them, the procedure is always the same.

But why give Freckles four cookies and eat the fifth? Can he count? He certainly must be able to. He never varies and always waits until Freckles eats the fourth cookie, before eating one for himself. That seems to prove something — perhaps that he can only count up to four.



"Suzie" takes her turn at "teaching" during a training session under the direction of Daniel L. Healey, English professor at Fitchburg State Teachers' College. Mostly, though, Suzie just sits quietly in one of the classroom chairs — preferably one that's near a resident of Palmer Hall, the men's dormitory.

RESIDENTS of Palmer Hall, the men's dormitory at Fitchburg (Mass.) State Teachers' College, are the proud owners of a truly erudite dog. And not only does she attend classes regularly (even to taking her turn in the teacher-training sessions), but she recently found time in her busy schedule to have a litter of seven puppies at Angell Memorial Hospital, in Boston.

"Suzie," a three-year-old black cocker spaniel with a delightful personality, is the pet of the campus. Even the first graders at the campus elementary school know about, and talk about, Suzie. But Suzie belongs to Palmer Hall and the Palmer Associates will prove it by showing you a genuine bill-of-sale for her if you don't believe it.

Suzie showed up on the campus and immediately began making friends last September. For reasons best known to herself, she seemed to favor the residents of Palmer Hall, and before long she had

moved in and made herself an indispensable tenant of the dormitory.

At Thanksgiving time, she packed up her rubber bone, donned her best leash and harness, and went to Haverhill to spend the holiday with Allan Williams, one of her special favorites among the men.

Early in December, the Palmer Associates began to wonder about Suzie's rightful owner and about their right to keep her at the college. With the approval of Prof. Roger F. Holmes, proctor of the dormitory, the men located Mrs. Nancy O'Neil, to whom Suzie had belonged before she "went to college." Mrs. O'Neil agreed to sell her to the Palmer Associates for one dollar and gave them a duly-executed bill-of-sale to clinch their title.

Further investigation revealed that Suzie had "Prepared" at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham while her original owner, Mrs. Ruth Smith of Cambridge,

"Suzie" Goes to College

By George H. Boyer



"Suzie" takes time out from a heavy schedule of classes at Fitchburg Teachers' College to look after her seven puppies. The little ones were born January 31 at Angell Memorial Hospital in Boston, about six weeks after their mother had been legally "adopted" by residents of Palmer Hall.

was a resident of that town. Probably that explains why she always gets "A" for conduct in her college classes.

Suzie is the only student at Fitchburg Teachers' College taking a fully elective course. Also, she's the only one allowed unlimited cuts. But although she may cut classes, any of the Palmer Associates will guarantee Suzie's never even late to the dining room when the chow bell rings.

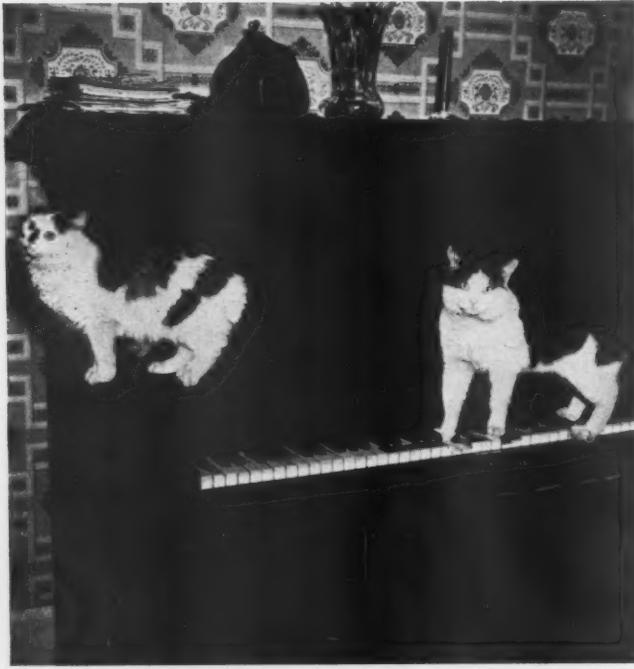
The Dog That Sets a Good Example . . .

• By Clarence E. Flynn

My master has a mania
For throwing things away.
I think, if nothing stopped him,
He'd keep it up all day.

I do not like to see him
Wasting good sticks, and so
I run and bring them to him
As fast as I can go.

He seems to think I like it,
And calls it comical,
I only try to make him
More economical.



— Photo by Lowell Youngs

"Irma" (left) and "Susie Q," two of the cats owned by Mrs. Annie Smart of Millbridge, Maine, are shown above. When they become thirsty they pound the piano to attract the attention of Mrs. Smart, who turns on the water in a wash basin next to the piano. Irma was getting ready for a drink when the photo was taken.

Musical Cats

By Edward F. Cox

IF by chance you're sitting in the lobby of the Atlantic House in Millbridge, Maine, some day and happen to glance up and see a cat enthusiastically pounding away with its paws on piano keys, don't be startled. It's an every day occurrence.

That's how "Handsome" and her two off-spring, "Susie Q" and "Irma," tell Mrs. Annie Smart, owner of the Atlantic House, that they want a drink of water.

When Mrs. Smart hears the cats pounding on the piano she stops whatever she is doing to go and turn the water on. If she doesn't, the cats will keep pounding.

Handsome, who is six years old, started banging the keys when she was just a kitten, although Mrs. Smart doesn't know where she got the idea.

Three-year-old Susie Q — who is a male — followed his mother's example when he was a kitten and was in turn followed by Irma, nearly two years old, when she was big enough to jump up on the piano stool and onto the piano.

Unlike most cats, they don't like to drink water out of a pan on the floor, but from a wash basin. Mrs. Smart plugs the basin up, turns on the water and, after the cats have had their fill, unplugs it.

Handsome, so named because of her orange and white hair, has had more than 50 offspring. Irma was named after the part played on the radio and in the movies by Marie Wilson, while Susie Q, the male, was named by one of the Atlantic House waitresses.

Mrs. Smart also has a boxer named "Captain Hutchinson" and he enjoys playing with the cats. However, he has not shown any aptitude for the piano as yet.

Not So Dumb

By Cecil Hurd

NO one can accuse "Gal," the little white mongrel dog with a patch of black over one eye, of neglecting his duty, or not lending a helping hand when one is needed, only in this case, Gal lends his eyes to make life easier for his adopted friend Dolly, the bay mare, who has been blind since birth and lives on the farm belonging to J. M. Collins in Oklahoma.

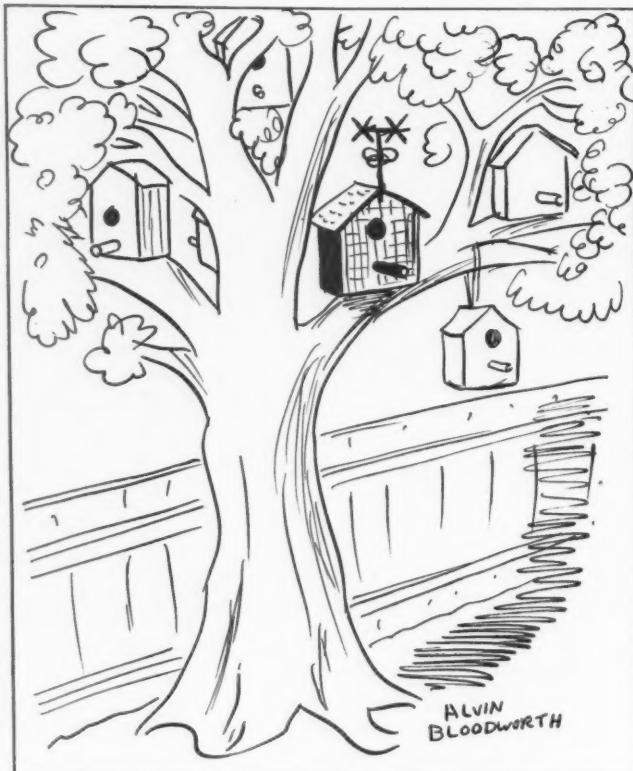
Collins bought the mare and patiently trained her for a plow horse. Now all it takes to guide her is a kind word, a gentle tug on the line and Dolly can plow as straight a furrow as any horse with two good eyes.

At first, Gal paid no attention to the blind mare, as long as the tenants on Collins' farm were caring for her. But when they moved and Collins was debating what to do with the handicapped horse, Gal nicely took over the responsibility.

Gal saw that Dolly got to the barn safely every night and that no unfriendly dogs made life miserable for her.

Out in the pasture the two bound over the grass together, making an unusual sight for people who didn't know the truth. Gal, doesn't mind this responsibility. In fact, the only time he relaxes from his self-imposed guardianship is when Dolly is plowing. Then he does what any wise dog or person should do, lies down and gets some sleep.

How does Dolly feel about her gallant protector? She becomes panicky when ever she senses that Gal is getting too far away from her. More and more she depends on Gal's bright eyes for guidance and like a good Samaritan Gal doesn't disappoint her. He is like a devoted mother to the blind Mare.



NEXT to riding in a wheelbarrow, "Mr. Blue" likes going with us to Simmons' lot, where, under the supervision of an ex-cavalry officer, our mounted group drills to the beat of martial music. The purpose of these maneuvers is to prepare us for the Independence Day parade, which is the outstanding event of the year.

Seemingly, there is no point in it, but nevertheless, Mr. Blue follows at "Brokah's" heels, prancing and waving his tail as though he enjoys every minute of it.

One day a week, for six months, we practice the operations, then on the third of July, the horses are bathed and groomed, saddles, bridles and boots are polished, hats and uniforms come back from the cleaners and we are ready for the big event.

On this particular Independence Day, the parade was scheduled for ten o'clock, so at nine, we climbed into our saddles and headed for town.

We had gone about a block when I noticed that Mr. Blue was following. I shouted for him to go back, but with nose to the ground and pretending I was speaking to someone else, he kept right on coming.

"We'll have to lock him up," I told my husband, wheeling my horse. "In that crowd, he's sure to get hurt . . ."

Jack, mumbling something about dogs and discipline, turned about, driving Mr. Blue ahead of him.

By the time we'd locked him in the house and opened all the windows so he'd have plenty of air, it was getting close to nine-thirty.

As usual, the parade was late getting started and I'd just announced that I was dropping out, when a whistle sounded and the command came to fall in line. Our course lay north on Sixth Street to the high school, then south on Main to the point of beginning — a distance of about a mile.

Sixth Street was packed with spectators from curb to buildings and their applause was most inflationary to our egos. The horses, sensing the approval pranced and tossed their manes and tails as they formed in groups of twos, threes, fours and sixes with military-like precision.

We were almost to the reviewing stand when I became aware that someone or something was stealing our thunder, for the onlookers, instead of applauding, were laughing and pointing to something at our rear.

Looking back and down, I discovered the reason for their merriment. Trotting at Brokah's heels was Mr. Blue, picking up his feet like a drum major and wagging his tail in time with the music.

As I watched, a boy of fifteen or thereabouts, left his place at the curb and tied a red, white and blue balloon to Mr. Blue's tail. Without paying the least attention to his appendage, Mr. Blue recovered his lost ground and continued airily behind his favorite horse.

By noon, we were back at the starting place; the temperature had climbed to a hot 104 degrees and Mr. Blue, no longer in the limelight, was ready to call it a day.

"He'll never make it home under his own power," I told my husband. "His tongue's dragging the ground now . . ."

Jack gave me a look, then resignedly got down from his horse, lifted Mr. Blue up and hung him over the saddle.

"I don't understand it," I said, when we were under way. "You did lock him in, didn't you?"

Jack grunted.

"Then, how did he get out?"

He shrugged, indicating he didn't know.

At one o'clock we turned into our driveway to find Betty

"Mr. Blue" Parades

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue looks a little weary after the Fourth of July parade.

Cowles, our neighbor, looking hot and distraught. At sight of Mr. Blue, she seemed to sag with relief.

"Oh, there he is," she said, indicating the dog. "I was afraid he'd broken a leg and crawled off somewhere. He jumped out the upstairs window you know, a little while after you left."

I felt a cold chill run down my spine despite the heat. "He jumped from there?" I repeated incredulously.

She nodded. "Yes, I saw him from my back porch. Is he badly hurt?"

"No," I said weakly, getting down from my horse. "Only tired. Mr. Blue has been parading."

What Makes the Air So Sweet

By Winona Higgins

ONE morning as I took my daily hike, the sun was shining, birds were singing, bees were humming and all Nature seemed in tune. There was just the right amount of breeze to make the walk refreshing.

"Abie," my neighbor's collie, ran down the road to join me as I started out, and after the usual pat on the head accompanied by "You're a good boy, Abie," ambled along protectively at my side until a little black dog loomed on the horizon. Then he deserted me for "fresh fields and pastures new."

On my way back, I saw the black and white cow coming down the road led by the lady who owns her. As a rule, one of the boys who lives at her home

stakes the cow out in the morning, but not today. The woman lifted her head high and breathed deeply of the fragrance around her. "The air is so sweet," she said simply.

There is a Tibetan proverb which reads, "The air is always fresher when one is helping others," and as I watched her lead the cow to the little patches of green along the road which could not have been reached from the customary spot where the boys had been tethering her, I thought:

"How true! The air is so sweet because you are taking time to see that the needs of a dumb animal are more bountifully met. No wonder the air is so sweet!"



The kookaburra bird.

The Island of Cats

• • • By Clint Newhall

THE small boat carefully inched its way across the treacherous coral reef. For the first time in several years a party of French government officials were paying a visit to the island. As they headed for the beach an amazing sight greeted the men. All around them were hundreds of cats. Some were swimming in the clear, blue water. Many others were lying on rocks like seals. Once in a while they would dive from the rocks into the water to catch a passing fish, turtle or crab.

The men could hardly believe what they were seeing. Here were cats swimming, diving and fishing so expertly that it seemed they were doing it all their lives. But those cats were no new, undiscovered breed. They were ordinary alley cats like those found in all parts of the world.

That island, where such peculiar goings-on were being witnessed is called the Island of Fishing Cats. It is a little-known island, thousands of miles from America, far out in the Pacific Ocean. The only inhabitants are thousands of cats.

There weren't always cats on the island. They were sent there to get rid of the rats. Several years before a great many rats swam ashore from a wrecked ship and overran the island. They ate everything in sight and forced the natives to leave. All attempts to drive the rats from the island failed. As a

last resort, the French government in Tahiti offered to give the island to any one who could successfully get rid of the rats.

One Frenchman thought he knew how to solve the problem. One day he sailed for the island with five hundred cats as passengers. He left the cats on the island and returned to Tahiti to await results. Several months later he returned. The rats were all gone. The government gave him the island, as they had promised, and he started a poultry farm there.

But the cats soon became as much of a problem as the rats had been. They began killing and eating all the poultry and the Frenchman also was forced to leave the island. As the cats increased in numbers they found it difficult to find enough food. In order to live they learned to catch fish in their claws from shore. Gradually they learned to swim farther out and dive for fish.

That was what the French government officials saw on that day that they came to the island. But as they headed for the beach to land something even more amazing was going on. All along the shore cats of all sizes were spitting and snarling like wild animals at the boat and its passengers.

Over fifty years have gone by since then. No one has since tried to land on the island. As far as anyone knows the cats are still there.

OUR bird and animal friends have a genuine sense of humor. How else would you account for the "horse laugh" of old Dobbin or the traditional "Hee Haw" of the supposedly taciturn mule.

The laughter of animalland is never forced like human laughter is at times. It is the real thing, spontaneous and unrestrained. The "laughing hyena" may well be amused by the latest jokes from the jungle. At any rate, he is always gay and sprightly.

New Zealanders nicknamed the kookaburra bird the "laughing jackass." The name alone is enough to provoke laughter. The parrot and myna bird are among several of the feathered mimics who can imitate human laughter with somewhat startling reality.

It is a rather doubtful compliment when it is said of a person that he is constantly "grinning like an ape." It is better to be seen "grinning like a Cheshire cat." One wonders, on the other hand, if a "cackling hen" is really as gleeful as it sounds.

Every dog owner will testify that his dog can display at times a "pair of laughing eyes." Maybe you never saw a smiling kitten, but at least you know what it's like to be as "playful as a kitten" — or as "playful as a colt," for that matter.

Laughter and a sense of humor are fairly general in animalland. Why all the levity? For all we know, they may be laughing at the state of the human world and all its man-made ills.



A close observer tells us that—

Deer Friends Are Gentle People

By Harry J. Entrican

WHEN one has observed animals as long as I have, in both domestic and wild surroundings, one is inclined to credit them, despite the propaganda to the contrary, with intelligence and with the ability to see, deduce and communicate.

With dogs and other members of the canine species, there seems to be a certain amount of selfishness where food is concerned. That statement is, however, a generalization for there are many exceptions. But, observation of different species show a decided contrast to the all too-human trait generally possessed by Rover.

The deer, at least in my part of the woods, Boot Lake in Michigan's Hiawatha Forest Preserve, U. P., seem to be imbued with intelligence and understanding, sympathy and generosity.

Around my cabin there are plenty of stumps and, knowing how deer love salt, I always place either a block of salt between the visible roots, or dissolve salt in warm water and pour it all over the stump by bucketfuls. I make what is termed a "salt-lick."

I had been doing this for years, here and there, but this particular one I put

close. For the first two mornings, my investigations showed no tracks. I always am a bit nosy about the wild life in my bailiwick. I wished to see if the same thing would happen that had occurred many times before.

Well, on the morning of the third day, a set of deer tracks, a big buck by the looks of them, appeared at the stump. He'd had a rather high old time during the night.

The fourth morning I noted two sets of tracks. On the fifth, the stump and rotten core had really been given a going-over — by what appeared to have been an entire herd. I deduced from that experience, plus many others, that the first deer had communicated his find to another, and brought it along to enjoy it. In turn, they had broadcast it to others. This phenomena I have witnessed many times. To me it denotes unselfishness. I would hesitate to say the same of many humans that I know. However, this display of feeling is not unlooked for in such a shy, gentle creature as a deer.

One can postulate that some method of communication exists among the creatures of the wild. Further, that

"understanding" exists, plus something resembling, mayhap, a little of the "milk-of-human-kindness." They display it, and it must be assumed that it exists.

The same sort of activity goes on in the winters, up here. Only, instead of salt, I put out big lumps of molasses. Deer love molasses in the wintertime. At first the deer were compelled to beat a path from their yards in the swamp, to my door. Their sense of smell is quite keen. Now, I take the chunks of frozen molasses down into their yards—also plenty of clover, hay, and corn to supplement their diet of cedar, spruce and balsam needles. They seem to be grateful, not running when they scent me coming. Strangers would send them pell-mell into the swamp.

It pays to treat deer right. I don't know what "outdoor" life would be at my cabin, without the deer around. It's a nice feeling to be able to step out of the door, and wander around among the grazing deer, knowing they are wild but not afraid of *you*. Which reminds me: I remember one time a big buck got caught in my garden fence and couldn't get loose, and — well, that'll have to wait 'til the next time.



Different species of ducks feed together in peace. Here we see wood ducks in the foreground and mallards in the background, all dipping their beaks deep in the water in search of food.

Wings of the Marshes

By Henry H. Graham

HAVE you ever hidden in the dense, green cat-tails surrounding a lake, kept very still and observed wild life parading before you? If you have, you know it is an interesting experience. If you haven't, try it some time. You will enjoy it.

Not long ago, I walked to such a lake and concealed myself in an abandoned blind, probably not used since the previous autumn. It was a bright, sunny day. When I took my position an intense quiet reigned. The only sounds to reach my ears were the far-off mooing of cattle, the barking of farm dogs and now and then the honk of an automobile horn on the distant highway.

Before me stretched placid water half a mile wide. Close to the cat-tails in which I hid was a duck-feeding ground, with lots of water grass. As I waited, the first arrivals were a flock of teal ducks that whistled in over my head and settled not fifty feet from me. Two of the dozen tiny ducks went ashore and fed on some grass growing there. The others plucked the succulent wild water grass, now and then uttering soft quacks. Perhaps they were talking with one another.

Soon, a much larger bird alighted on the shore. It was a big heron, with stilt-like legs. This creature, too, was hungry. It moved slowly along the water's edge, picking up bits of something or other that had drifted ashore. Then the heron waded out into the lake and dipped its head to the bottom for juicy morsels of grass and other tidbits.

A brown-coated muskrat glided smoothly from its bank den and across a little estuary. Suddenly there was a loud plop as "Mr. Muskrat" dove beneath the surface. The teal whirled into flight. I looked up, confident that some enemy was lurking in the neighborhood. Sure enough! Overhead cruised a large eagle on the lookout for breakfast. The eagle did not pursue the fleeing teal, but continued his circling movements. Perhaps the huge bird's mind was set on a fat ground squirrel or pheasant instead of duck. The heron went on wading and feeding unconcernedly. No doubt he thought he could take care of himself if the eagle chose to attack. But, of course, he would have been no match for an eagle in physical combat.

Half an hour elapsed before there were any more new arrivals in my vicinity. Meanwhile the eagle had drifted

Some interesting sights await the quiet observer in the haunts of waterfowl

away. Then a long wild goose, a majestic Canadian honker, put in an appearance. He circled the feeding grounds several times. At last, considering the place safe, he glided down and lit. But he was exceedingly wary and vigilant. Much of the time he seemed to sense the presence of something dangerous — meaning me. He kept edging his way farther out in the lake and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck in the distance. Of course, I had no intention of harming him.

It is a strange fact that wild life seem to sense the presence of danger even when it cannot be seen or heard. I was absolutely sure that "Mr. Honker" did not see or hear me that day, but still, he steadily put distance between us. I have often wondered if geese have some sixth sense that comes to their aid in time of peril.

As I sat among the cat-tails, marsh wrens rustled the stalks nearby. Field mice scampered over the mud, leaving characteristically small tracks. Redwing blackbirds chattered noisily as they perched on the tops of swaying cat-tails.

Then, a most interesting thing occurred. A mother mallard duck followed by six downy little ones swept into view as they paddled through the water to my left. "Mrs. Mallard" seemed to be vigilance personified. Once in a while she uttered a soft little quack, but as she wriggled slowly through the water her sharp eyes kept roving the cat-tail fringed shore for possible enemies. The ducklings swam quite dexterously for their tender age. The entire family soon disappeared around a bend. They were among the cutest bits of wild life I have ever seen.

During this interval, I had failed to observe the approach of some swimming birds to my right. They came steadily toward me with swift strokes of their webbed feet. They

were mud hens, also known as coots. Unlike a true duck, they had pointed bills and were almost all black. Since hunters rarely shoot them, because their meat is not too tasty, mud hens are quite brave, and this flock waded boldly right up to the shore. A few stood idly by, preening their feathers. Others picked up bits of food that had washed ashore. They were forced into flight by the sudden appearance of a farmer boy and his collie dog.

The boy and I talked briefly. Then he went on, leaving me alone again.

Meanwhile, some leaden clouds were gathering in the west and the wind began to blow, chopping the glassy waters of the lake into big waves. There were even whitecaps. Before long the thousands of ducks feeding in mid-lake grew restless and began to move. Ducks like to be near the shore in a storm, usually choosing a protected spot where they can feed easily and safely.

So, several flocks headed in my direction, alighting nearby. The storm soon broke in wild fury, churning the lake from one end to the other. Thunder roared and lightning flashed. The wind howled madly. Then a heavy rain began to fall. The skies wept copiously.

It was very uncomfortable among the cat-tails and I hurried home. But the experience had been a very enjoyable one and whetted my appetite for more. One picks up much nature knowledge from such observations. The more one takes such jaunts the better he likes them. He can go alone or with companions. If wild life is not to be scared, however, there must be absolute quiet in the observation post. Most wild life are timid and quickly shy away from anything suspicious that can be seen or heard.

Canada geese instruct their small fry in the ways of the world.



Be Kind to Animals Week

GIVING cognizance to Be Kind to Animals Week this year, Governor Paul A. Dever of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts issued the following proclamation:

The recognition of Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week, now nationally observed, was originally started thirty-seven years ago by our own Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It has been our Society, also, that has led in national humane legislation, which has been copied largely by practically every State in the Union.

Following the lead of George T. Angell, more than eight million children in this country have been gathered into small humane groups which have had awakened and fostered in their minds the great principles of justice, fair play and kindness toward every form of life. How vast has been this influence for good on the characters of so great a multitude of the children of our schools, no man can estimate.

Inasmuch as Massachusetts, through the efforts of our own State Society, is really the birthplace of this important, nationwide celebration, every citizen should join in the observance of a Week dedicated to the welfare of our animal friends.

I, therefore, am glad to designate

Sunday, May 6, 1951

as

Humane Sunday

and the

Week of May 7-12, 1951

as

Be Kind to Animals Week

and urge our people to observe the occasion, and particularly request that teachers in all our schools set aside a Humane Day with appropriate exercises.

Following the Governor's lead, Mayor John B. Hynes, of Boston, and officials of many other of our cities and towns, issued proclamations urging citizens to observe the occasion.

School Exercises

"Humane Day" has been observed for many years in the schools of Massachusetts. To aid teachers in arranging appropriate programs, a special leaflet entitled, "Making Animal Friends," was prepared and distributed free of charge. So much in demand were they that over 10,000 of these leaflets were made available to teachers not only in Massachusetts but in other sections of the country.



Shown viewing a few of the prize-winning posters are, left to right, Stanley Polaski of Roxbury, holding his pet dog, "Lucky," Arthur LeBlanc of Roxbury, and Miss Marie Spencer, Society staff member.

Posters and other literature were also distributed to schools and libraries.

Humane Poster Contest

As in former years, an outstanding feature of the Week in Massachusetts was our state-wide humane poster contest. Great interest is always manifest in this educative competition. Some 5,000 posters were received from 402 schools in 169 cities and towns.

In accordance with past practices, schools and grades were judged separately, resulting in 513 first prizes, consisting of attractive pins of silver; 508 second prizes of bronze pins of the same design; and 447 subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, being awarded to young artists receiving honorable mention for their work.

Again this year we were indebted to Jordan Marsh Company and William Filene's Sons for their attractive window displays of some of the prize-winning posters. The remainder were hung in the Society's auditorium and attracted much favorable comment from the scores of visitors.

Something different was introduced into the contest this year in the form

of three-dimensional posters submitted by the students of Miss Alfreda Samuelson, a teacher of art in the Framingham High School. Always interested in the welfare of animals, she, with the young people shown in the accompanying picture visited our headquarters to share in the observance of Kindness Week.

An addition this year, also, were splendid posters from Japan and Bermuda. These posters caused much comment from both judges and observers because of the variety of animals depicted and also the medium used in the art work.

Radio and Television

We literally took to the air during Be Kind to Animals Week and daily radio broadcasts were featured throughout the State. Our sincere appreciation goes to the many stations who so generously donated time for these special features.

Over the Yankee Network, Channel 7, Dr. Eric H. Hansen appeared on television, where he was interviewed by Bill Hahn during the latter's program entitled "Inter-Vues."

Other broadcasts during the Week included "Animal Club of the Air" with Albert A. Pollard, and John C. Macfarlane as guest, over Station WMEX; "Animaland" with Margaret Kearns, over Station WHDH; John T. Brown, interviewed by Miss Ruth Putnam, over Station WESX, Salem; William A. Swallow on Dick Tucker's program, over Station WBZ; T. King Haswell, an interview from Pittsfield and spot announcements all during the week, over Station WBRK; Dr. W. D. Jones interviewed over Station WOCB, West Yarmouth; Charles E. Brown on Station WARA, Attleboro and Station WNBN, New Bedford; Miss Julie Chase, Director of the program "Julie'n' Johnny," over Station WTAG, Worcester; Harold G. Andrews, over Station WOCB, West Yarmouth; Spot announcements during entire Week over Lawrence Stations WLAW and WCCM; John C. Macfarlane interviewed by Sherm Feller, over Station WCOP; Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff of the Rowley Memorial Hospital, Springfield over that city's Station WSPR; and Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe over Station WMAS, Springfield.

Open House

Under the auspices of our two Societies we held "Open House" during the entire Week. A great many visitors and boys' and girls' clubs came to see the posters entered in our contest, to tour the Hospital, and to stay to hear

talks given by our American Humane Education staff and to see several motion pictures from the Society's library.

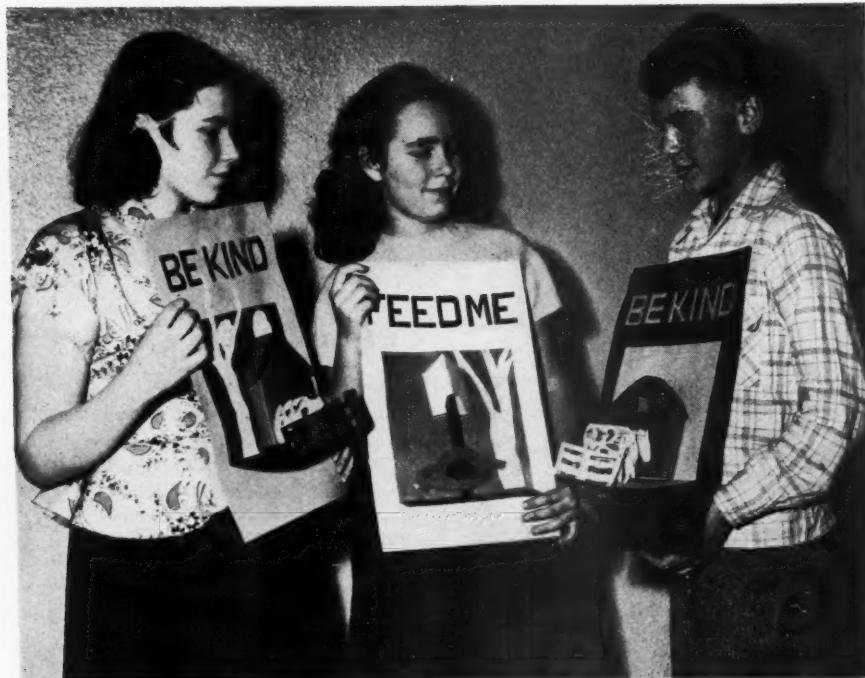
Rowley Day

Eight years ago, Mr. Burlingham Schurr, Director of the Museum of Natural History and Art of the Holyoke Public Library, started his crusade to set aside one day during the Week to be known as "Rowley Day" in honor of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, our beloved past president and founder of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Thursday, May 10, was so designated this year and a large attendance was present at the Auditorium of the War Memorial building to help in the celebration. Over seventy-five prizes were awarded to children who had warranted recognition in being kind to animals as well as by interest manifested in nature study and conservation.

Publicity

We cannot let the account of the Week pass without expressing our sincere thanks for the wonderful cooperation given us by the newspapers throughout the entire State. All of these papers, and especially those in the Boston area, were more than generous in running stories, feature articles and pictures, bringing before the public the importance of the celebration, itself, and urging kindness to animals during the entire year.



Left to right, holding their three-dimensional posters are Leone De Millar, Agna Boass, and Darcy Wilson.

Ninety Years Young

HERE are not many people who can hope to attain the age of ninety years. Those who do, seem to have that inner spark that denotes a deep capacity for compassion.

Such a one is Miss Katharine M. Foote, whose very name is synonymous with the animal protection movement on Martha's Vineyard. Yes, Miss Foote reached her ninetieth birthday in June and, as manager of our branch on that Island, she is still the same active lady who inaugurated the movement there years ago.

When it comes to animals there is no more alert champion of their cause than this little lady who is one of the pioneers of the humane world. She has labored, even beyond the call of duty, under the banner of "kindness," and it is entirely due to her foresightedness that our Society established its branch on Martha's Vineyard some four years ago.

Now, Miss Foote, working with Dr. William D. Jones, veterinarian in charge of our clinics and shelters both on the Vineyard and Nantucket, has built up this branch to a point where there is now complete coverage and care for all the animals on the Island.

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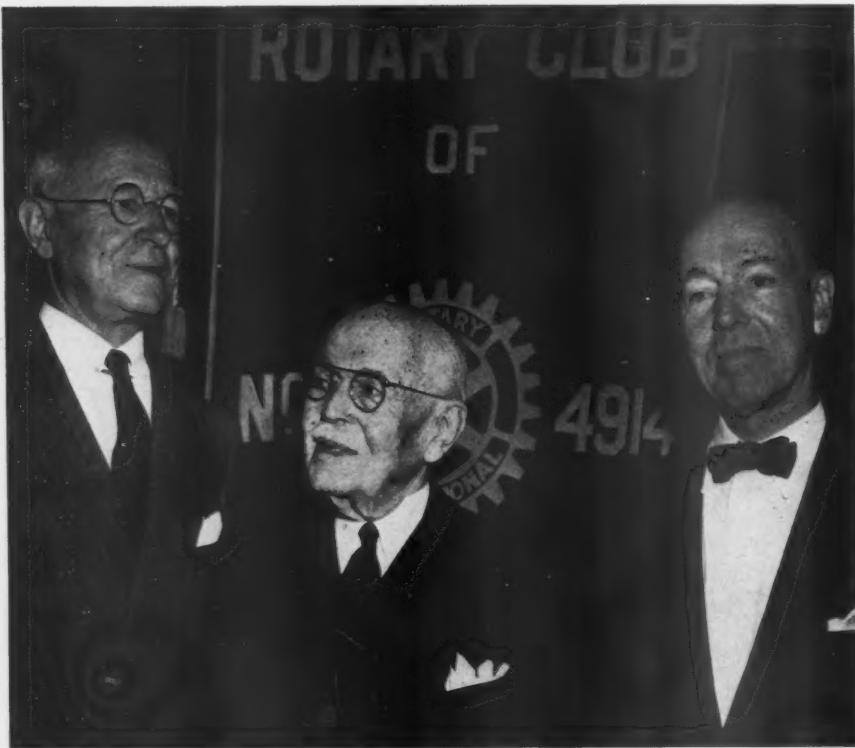
"Jimmy," the Crow

THE John T. Lloyds, of Ithaca, N. Y., have lost one of the best friends they had in the world. He is "Jimmy," a coal-black, bandy-legged crow.

Jimmy adopted the Lloyds one summer, when he was just a nestling. Mr. Lloyd let him in the house and Jimmy got to playing with the children and even followed them to school in the fall, where he hopped on the outside window sill of their school room and kept nervously glancing in to see if they were all right.

Jimmy spent his nights outside, but he always flew in an open window at the Lloyd's home each morning. He would invariably swoop into a bedroom and wake someone up by pulling his hair.

Although Jimmy stole spools of thread and even picked fights with the Lloyd spaniel, he was the most honored crow in all Ithaca. Then, without any warning, he disappeared one day, and no amount of searching has led to his discovery. Perhaps he decided it was just too much civilization for him.



Dr. Francis H. Rowley, center, with two of his sons, Charles F. Rowley, left, and H. Esmond Rowley, right.

Honored by Rotary

REWARDING an outstanding career, the Rotary Club of Brookline, Mass., recently presented its Distinguished Public Service award to Dr. Francis H. Rowley, former president of our Society and now chairman of its directors.

The award which Dr. Rowley received carried the following inscription: "Dean of the humane movement in America, he labored half a century that men might learn the lesson of compassion for God's humbler creatures; thus did he serve his dumb friends; thus did he lift men's minds and hearts to a truer nobility."

In his remarks preliminary to presentation of the award, the chairman of the awards committee stated that for the past eleven years, Rotary had sought in this manner to give recognition to men and women who, by their lives of devotion to duty and service to their fellowmen, had brought honor to the community.

"In making our selection," he continued, "we consider those whose lives run parallel to Rotary's ideals and it's motto, 'Service Above Self'."

The chairman then pointed out that in honoring Dr. Rowley, the Club had chosen one who exemplified these ideals — one who has had a long and distinguished career; one who has given freely of his talents to make this a better world in which to live.

In short, the speaker outlined Dr. Rowley's life and accomplishments, speaking of his successful career in the ministry and the many honors which had been bestowed upon him — of his entrance into the humane field, his appointment as president of our Society in which capacity he served for thirty-five years — of his crowning achievement in building the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital which has become the best-equipped and largest institution of its kind in the world. He pointed out, also, that Dr. Rowley was responsible for the building of our hospital and branch in Springfield and that a few years ago this hospital was renamed the Rowley Memorial Hospital in his honor.

Dr. Rowley's whole life may well be symbolized by Rotary's motto, "Service Above Self."

Society and

Dr. Hansen Guest Speaker

DR. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was guest speaker at the annual meeting of the American Animal Hospital Association, held in Atlantic City, in May. More than seven hundred veterinarians from all parts of the country attended.

Dr. Hansen spoke on "The Aims, Purposes and Policies of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," the largest and best-equipped of its kind in the world. He placed particular emphasis on the unusual contributions that are constantly being made to the entire veterinary profession by the Hospital, in connection with its pioneer work in the reduction of fractures, in surgery and in pathology, where research programs are under way on the dread disease of distemper, as well as contagious hepatitis (a liver ailment), and many allied diseases.

In commenting on this high light of his talk, Dr. Hansen said, "We at the Angell Memorial feel that we are making a tremendous contribution to organized veterinary medicine by sharing with every practitioner in the country our findings with respect to the more serious animal diseases, and we shall be only too happy to continue to render this service. However, the cost of these studies is extremely great, and we must depend upon our generous members and friends for financial support, in order that this important phase of our work may be carried on."

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, was Chairman of the Program Committee for the entire meeting, and Dr. Marvin Rothman took part in a discussion on diseases of the heart. Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff of Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield, was also present.

Riding Schools

ALL riding schools in the vicinity of Boston are inspected regularly by our agents, and if a horse is found to be unfit it is ordered laid up until such time as it is again in good condition.

Service News

W. W. Haswell

IN the passing of W. W. Haswell, who was for many years a most efficient Superintendent of the Society's Rest Farm for Horses in Methuen, the organization lost one who had been a most loyal and faithful servant.

Soon after Mrs. Nevins gave her fine, large farm at Methuen, Mass., to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., he was appointed its general manager.

Retiring from active service, he lived for a number of years in the attractive bungalow almost across the road from the farm buildings.

Most of his service was during the period when Dr. Rowley, then President, was accustomed to spend week-ends in the Farm's attractive cottage, and the friendship between them grew very intimate.

He was largely instrumental in the planning of the fine animal cemetery, where so many small pet animals have been buried.

That Mr. Haswell had made a host of friends became evident on the day of his funeral, when the funeral home was flooded with more beautiful flowers than one normally sees on such an occasion.

Springfield Visit

THE humane handling of farm animals is being stressed more and more by our New England Extension Services and vocational agricultural instructors.

Between fifteen and twenty per cent more children will reach 4-H age during the 1950's than during 1940-1949. This offers us an excellent field in which to sow the seed of kindness.

A well-activated program of animal welfare is being offered to Springfield, Vermont, by the Springfield Humane Society. I was fortunate in being able to discuss the work with members and friends at their recent annual meeting.



They have a lovely setting for a well-planned shelter. Don't miss it when you visit that part of the Green Mountain State.

— J. C. Macfarlane

"Time Marches On"

SUCH has been the ever-increasing demands on our hospitalization facilities that we have been compelled to convert one of our Wards, originally built with stalls for the care of horses, into a small-animal ward. It is planned that this new ward will accommodate 46 dogs both large and small with new exercising facilities in an adjoining room.

This need became so urgent that we felt that the job must go forward immediately in order that we might care, without delay, for the additional patients brought to the Hospital. We do,

however, earnestly request contributions from our friends for this necessary conversion and for the maintenance of the new ward when completed.

It must not be supposed that the Hospital no longer has facilities for the care of horses and other large animals, although this phase of our work has lessened with the diminishing number of horses in use today. We still maintain one horse ward with six box stalls, a tan bark for exercising and our horse operating table for use when the need arises.

New Television Show

OUR Society is now on television. Every Monday evening from 6:00-6:15, John C. Macfarlane, Society staff member, will be featured over WBZ-TV-Channel 4 in a new production entitled "Animal Fair." Please be sure to tune in for this interesting program.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



At the left, our National Field Secretary, Joseph P. Mooney, watches workmen as they start their task of taking out the stalls in preparation for the work on the new ward.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Ping" and "Chang"

MY cats, "Ping" and "Chang" are Siamese cats. They love to do mock battle. It looks real enough, but it is only play. They will cry out as if in anger, and jump on one another. Ping is six years old and Chang is two. They are both sweet cats.

— Michael Allen (Age 11)

My Friend "Betsy"

ONE Sunday afternoon I went to see my friend's pony. It's funny when you pull the reins. She stops a minute. Then she walks so slow. Then again when you pull the reins she runs for a little bit. When my Uncle Jack got on, she turned around five times and jumped up in the air.

— Beth Green (Age 10)



Beth and the pony go for a ride.



—Photo by Bermuda News Bureau

Dr. Robert C. Murphy holding one of the rare cahows.

The Cahow

By Marilyn Kyme (Grade 7)

THE cahow, a rare Bermuda bird, was rediscovered by Dr. Robert C. Murphy of New York, on January 28, 1951.

The finding of this bird is very exciting news to us Bermudians, since we believed it to be extinct for three hundred years. There was a famine here among the first settlers in 1615 and the starving people went to those small islands inhabited by cahows and lived on them. After that no cahows were ever seen.

The cahow was probably named because of its call. It is about the size of a pigeon and has long pink legs and large brown eyes. It is grayish-brown on the back and has a white underbelly. There is a ring of brown feathers around the eyes. The male is a little larger than the female but similar in coloring.

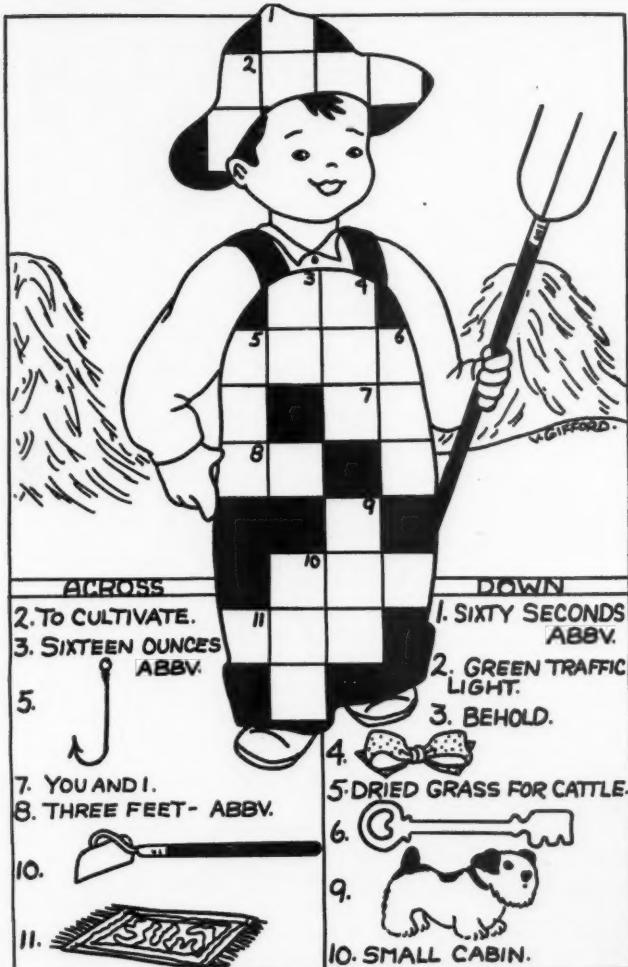
The chief food of the cahow is squid. They travel a hundred and twenty miles out to sea for their food and come to Bermuda only to nest. No other place in the world has cahows.

Black rats overrun the small islands where the cahows have their burrows and these rats eat the eggs and the young while their parents are out hunting for food. The Bermuda Government is going to make these islands bird sanctuaries and conduct a rat-extermination program in order to protect the defenseless cahows.

NOTE: *Marilyn Kyme attends Mount St. Agnes Academy, Hamilton, Bermuda.*

IF you have a pet dog or cat, don't forget to make provision for it when planning your vacation. If you cannot take it with you, be sure to find a good home for it, where it will receive the best of care.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Answer to Puzzle will appear next month.

Well-loved Pet

By Ed Radford (Age 9)

BIFF" is a four-year-old, part-cocker spaniel dog of mine. I got him when he was three months old. He broke his left foreleg when two years old. It could not be healed so he had to have it amputated. He can move twice as fast now.

Biff has traveled about one thousand miles. Last winter, during the freeze, he got lost in a snow bank. We found him almost frozen. We took good care of him and Biff recovered. He is a good pet at all times and a very good companion because he sticks with me.

Down on the Farm

BOBIE lives in the city, and he had never seen a cow. One day his Mother asked him how he would like to go to visit his grandfather on the farm. She told him they had all kinds of wonderful pets there, horses, cows, chickens, and, of course, a dog, and a cat and baby kittens. Bobbie was very much excited and could talk of nothing else.

Pretty soon the big day came and off they started.

What a grand time Bobbie had. He loved all the animals and they all loved him, but when his grandfather milked the cows and gave him warm milk to drink, that was the most fun of all. Afterwards Bobbie was allowed to help feed them, and the cows would say "Moo-oo" for thank you, in the only language they knew.

*"The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart."*



— Photo by Baldwin

"Wait, Bossie, I'll get you some dinner."



Kathryn Turner and her collection of dogs, including "Corky."

It's Fun to Have a Hobby

By Ada B. Turner

TO be popular today you must have a hobby, or maybe several hobbies. Doctors recommend them as an outlet for these times of nervous tension.

In Kathryn's case the collection of dog figurines started as a child with some gifts of toy dogs. There were a mother dog and three little puppies, a pretty little white fur dog, an old-fashioned tumbling dog from her grandmother, and several grotesque stuffed canines.

Soon friends and family were giving her dogs as birthday and Christmas presents, or bringing her strange dogs from their trips. As she grew older she found these dogs made fine souvenirs of her own pleasure jaunts, being often stamped with the name of a town.

It is surprising what a wide variety of material is used in making these miniature replicas. She has dogs of wood (one is California redwood), glass, celluloid, china, leather, cloth, fur, velvet, composition and metal of various kinds. They are in a wide variety of colors, too, and range from one-half-inch to a foot in height.

Many of these dogs are also useful. One hides a tape measure in his body, another a flashlight; a group of three goggle-eyed china brownies on a tray are a condiment set; while others are

salt and pepper shakers. A large white one is a plant container; one a match holder. Two matching ones are wall plaques, the big black one a trusty doorstop, a small wooden one a lapel pin, the long dachshund a paper weight, another a pencil sharpener. One fluffy cutie, when wound, hops across the floor; another is a tumbler. . . . There is nothing monotonous about collecting dogs!

But best of all is Kathryn's real live dog, "Corky." She was a gift when only a tiny puppy and is now eight years old. Her ancestry is in doubt—but for intelligence and good habits she is tops. By some occult sense she knows exactly when to listen for her mistress' car as she comes from work and is always ready to greet her with wildly wagging tail and a happy dog-smile.

Kathryn has taught Corky many tricks and she is a real show-off, but also proves by many little self-formed habits that she has an innate understanding of her own. She is never foolish enough to be jealous of the dog collection, but the family cats and all other dogs are firmly but gently chased away if they attempt to take her place beside any of her family. She prefers to remain the favorite of the collection.

"Brownie" is a Hero

By George W. Phinney

IN Glen Allen, Alaska, there is a little brown mongrel dog reaping the rewards of heroism. He is sleeping in clean new quarters and his plate is kept piled with his favorite food. But to folks in the Alaska town "Brownie" deserves it. The brave act he performed is seldom equaled by either animal or human.

When the building in which Brownie and his pal, "Kathy," a nondescript alley cat slept together caught fire, Brownie stood on the sidelines watching the firemen squirt water on the blaze.

The building was all but ready to cave in when Brownie let out an excited bark and dashed madly into the inferno. Stunned, the firemen stopped momentarily to watch as the little dog entered the smoke-filled room.

"What's got into that pup" shouted a shivering fireman as he directed his hose nozzle to a sudden flareup of flame close to where Brownie had disappeared.

But the firemen didn't have long to wait. Brownie, his ears laid close to his head and tail tucked between singed legs, stumbled out holding a bundle of something in his mouth. As he made his way to safety he released the object and it streaked to a nearby thicket.

Brownie had rescued his pal and bed mate, Kathy, from a horrible death.

Yes, a little brown mongrel dog is basking in glory in a little town in Alaska because his devotion to a pal, not even of his own kind, prompted him to perform a heroic act far and beyond the call of duty, an act not a single person in Glen Allen will concede was the result of animal instinct.

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J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
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Local—Suburban—Distant

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DOGS LOVE IT!

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IS THE WISE AND EASY ANSWER TO THIS
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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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